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do respect the good old times—the times of beans and  
 pork,  
 When our old clever honest dads went whistling to  
 their work;  
 When old cock'd hats and breeches were the fashion of  
 the day,  
 And good thick bottomed shoes were worn with buckles  
 shining gay!  
 The times of old—the times of old—when our good  
 mothers were  
 Good housewren stuff—and kept their muffs and tippets  
 evermore!  
 When good stout waists were all the rage, and cheeks  
 ne'er painted were,  
 And borrowed curls ne'er decked the girls with beautey  
 delonaise!  
 The times of old—the good old times, when home  
 laid 'd felt very round  
 The merry leath, where boisterous mirth and apples  
 did abound—  
 When giggling maid would hang their heads in bash-  
 ful modesty,  
 And sprightly lads would eye their ends, and nudge  
 them cooily!  
 The good old times, when our old dads were fat and  
 hearty too,  
 With a good 'n' luck most gracefully, and done up in  
 a queue—  
 I do respect those golden days, when fashion was in-  
 clin'd  
 To make her votaries wear their coats with pocket  
 holes behind!  
 Ah! they've passed with time away—those halcyon  
 days are o'er,  
 And an w man dash on green frock coats with pocket  
 holes before!  
 The women too, have taken the cue, and wear their  
 chains of gold:  
 O for the lads, like our old dads, who lived in times of  
 old.

BY MRS. S. W. JEWETT, OF CINCINNATI.

*Important Discoveries.*

"How do you like your new neighbors, the Smiths?" asked Mrs. Fry.

"What?—their name," replied Mrs. Prim. "Very common name, indeed; but I really think they are very genteel people. I think I never saw a prettier couple—quite an acquisition really."

"What a business!" inquired Mrs. Fry.

"I don't know, really," answered Mrs. Prim. "I can't find out as he is doing any thing. Living on the interest of his money, I reckon."

"Very genteel person, Mr. Smith—very genteel."

"Do they see much company?" inquired Mrs. Fry.

"A night," replied Mrs. Prim. "I seen no less than twenty people in there yesterday, and some in very stylish carriages. I think I seen Mrs. De Hauton go in."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Mrs. Fry. They must be quite respectable. Mr. Fry is very much opposed to my calling upon anybody without knowing who and what they are; but I think I may venture to call on Mrs. Smith. I think there can be no doubt that she is a genteel woman."

"Not the least doubt," replied Mrs. Prim. They rent their house from Mr. Prim—of course I called—they live in very pretty style. Theirs the door ~~stands~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~closed~~, <sup>not</sup> ~~nothing~~ <sup>open</sup> but run to the hall directly," said Mrs. Fry, and left accordingly.

*Episcideny.*

"Well, Mary," said Mr. Smith to his pretty, good-natured looking little wife as they sat down to their quiet tea, "the matter is at last decided. My uncle's will has been found, and we are no better off than we have been."

"Has he left us nothing," inquired Mary.

"Not a shilling," answered her husband.

Mary drew a long sigh but instantly resumed a cheerful tone, said, "What are we to do now."

"What have we done these three years past," replied her husband, "live on hope. We must make joint stock of our can muster. Yours is not quite gone."

"Oh so, Theodore," replied his wife, "only a little less, and we are well. I think I had better try to turn my talents to account, and assist you."

"Your sphere is at home," replied her husband. "You must see that the small sum we still possess is not wasted. In the meantime, I will be on the lookout for business. Keep up as much energy, if you can, as you have, trouble and perplexity we may have, conceal it from the world. Externally, we have every thing pretty and comfortable, thanks to your good father. We must not let our embarrassments be known,"

"I try to appear as different from what we are! It is the hardest kind of slavery—this subjection to public opinion. For my part, I think when a person is poor, the best course is to own it, and to be as poor people ought to live."

"This must be the case with me," said her husband, "but it won't do to carry out these fine ideas in practice. Let me explain. We

"If it does not cost too great effort," replied Mary: "for my part! I could have a few friends of the right stamp, I would have nothing to do with formal acquaintances. Besides, supposing that I could get into business—"

"Why be honest and say so?" asked her husband, impatiently. "You are a matter-of-fact body, Mary. You always throw cold water on my projects."

Mary laughed. "Her laugh was so good natured it always dissipated her husband's moroseness."

"At all events," resumed Mr. Smith, "there is no use of sounding a trumpet before us, to please the ear. As for your few friends, I know all gammon. Remember your old school-mate and bosom companion, Emma Carter, whose husband got suddenly rich and moved into a fine house in Broadway?"

"Yes," replied Mary, "I very glad to see *you* socially;—you alone—but she never thought of inviting you to her parties."

"It was decided in her, I know," said Mary; but her husband said not so weak and foolish as Emma Carter."

"I trust not," said Mr. Smith; "but it's a hollow world, notwithstanding. Therefore, be guided by me. If a man is supposed to be well off, he must be abundant. He can get through with any amount—be it a five hundred dollar note. If a man is suspected of being poor, or in want of money, everybody, from his bosom friend to his foot-stick, helps to keep him down. The more he is suspected of being harder it is to get it. There is nothing so contemptible as a poor man, Mary. Better your husband were a genteel cheat and pick-pocket, than an honest poor man."

"Oh dear," sighed Mary, "if you speak the truth—society is so pitiable, so little worth the trouble of pleasing—why care about its power! I would think it is a waste of time and the materials for expending money, which lie within our own hearts and homes."

"It is useless to argue the topic," said her husband, "but you will consent to be guided by me for a time, until I can get foot-foremost—keep clear of all sight, and all sheets—until I can get by. Be my way, the way a foreigner at Mrs. de Hays's this evening."

"Yes, and we must go and dress," said Mary.

It was a gay and fashionable party, and the new comers were much flattered. The fact that they were really genteel people was now firmly established, and they became every day, more popular.

[illegible]

"I wonder why our friends are so backward in calling," said Mary to her husband. "We have not been here now nearly four weeks, and no one has called except Miss Carpenter. I suppose it is generally known that I have returned. I wonder why it is?"

"I don't wonder," said Mr. Smith, "but I wonder to wonder at them, after a time," said Mr. Smith, "to wonder at them."

"Perhaps so," replied Mary. "It is of very little consequence, however, whether people call sooner or later. By the way how does the Magazine flourish? you have not spoke of it for some time."

"Fshaw," replied Mr. Smith, petulantly. "Don't speak of it unless you wish to drive me mad. I am not getting paid here, but pork and sausage are sold."

"This is not the place for a man to live and see his wife."

"Then it does not prove a profitable affair," continued Mary, interrogatively.

"Look at this, and this, and this," said Mr. Smith, drawing out a paper from his pocket-book; "these will quiet all your fears, and save all your questions. Here is one quarter's rent due to Mr. Prim—here is one grocer's bill—here is one doctor's bill—here is one expense; people will go out of their way to show the good will to their debtors, do you?"

"Let us pay the bills at once, then, Theodor," said Mary, and added running in debt in the future.

"That's all very well—but where's the money to come from? and how are we to live! To be sure it is very important that we should live, but I don't think I should prefer a natural death to starvation."

"We can manage to live on very little," replied Mary, "or much less than we now do."

"It's as easy to pay large debts as small ones," replied her husband, "when you have nothing to pay with."

"Listen to me, Theodor," replied Mary, "don't know whether you are in earnest or not. If you are, then I think I should decide on some better plan of life. If you are satisfied that it is quite useless to keep up appearances any longer, let us try to live rationally. I would not trouble us in the least to know that we are poor, but I cannot bear a state of uncertainty."

"And it would not trouble you in the least

lose all our poverty; and as to mere acquaintance, I have no objection to it," replied Mary. "I have no objection to your thinking a woman's wit is worth something."

"You are a dear, good creature, Mary," repeated her husband, "and I love you with my whole heart, God knows. I would have spared you a great deal of pain, if I could have made you any sacrifice to promote your happiness. But now you have made an unfortunate choice, Maria, in linking your fortunes with such a scape-grace as I am. My wife—*curse*—"

"Curse, curse, Theodora," interrupted his wife, "remember how much you owe to his kindness and piety."

"A doubtful kindness," replied Theodora, sadly. "To bring a young man up without the knowledge of business, and in expectation of fortune, is a kindness that I do not value, because he dares to have a will of his own, and to marry the only woman he ever loved. He has intended well—but his past kindness to you things it, has proved a curse instead of a blessing. I do not think of the debt of gratitude it would make a very devil of me. I am embarrassed to death. People begin to see that I am poor now. Friends begin to think their assurances of regard will be taken in earnest for what they shall be called upon to pay a dear price for. Friendship. I have not borrowed money yet—not a sou."

"And you must not, Theodora. Be guided by me, my dear husband. Give up this house, and all the furniture that is in it. I have no objection to your going to the country, as long as you are necessary, and let us live according to our means."

"Sell your beautiful furniture, Mary! I cannot think of it," replied her husband.

"It does not require much thought," said Maria cheerfully, "therefore let it be done at once."

Before the furniture was sold, Theodora sold the house vacated.

*Fashionable Gossip.*

"Well, our neighbors, the Smiths, turned out pretty small," said Mrs. Prim to her friend, Mrs. Pry.

"So I heard," said Mrs. Pry. "I seen their furniture advertised at auction—thought I should drop in and see 'em."

"My husband began to suspect them some time ago," said Mrs. Prim. "He said I might as well give up the acquaintance—didn't think they were worth any how."

"Well, I thought as much!" ejaculated Mrs. Simpkins as they had been living on for these three months past; and besides, I hear their grocer says they owed him a hundred dollars for their groceries. I am sure my husband couldn't get her wages any how."

"I dare say," replied Mrs. Prim: "I expected much, as they made such a dash at first."

"Really," said Mrs. H. to her husband, "feel sorry for the poor Smiths. It must be hard on them to sell their elegant furniture."

"Smith is a mean, inefficient fellow," replied Mr. H. "I have had some dealings with him. I don't believe in people's not paying their debts."

"If they have no money," said Mrs. H.

"They have no business to be without it," said Mr. H., with his usual sagacity. "People ought to know how to live. A man that doesn't pay his debts is a mean fellow. I liked Smith once, but he was very careless. I was very close-fellow—but I found out his mean streaks. He was too mean to buy his own tobacco—ruined his friends—I found him out. And what was I after the same sort, I reckon—had no money."

"I always liked her," said Mrs. H., "but probably I may have been deceived."

"Really, what a dowdy looking person Mrs. Smith is," said Mrs. P.—to Miss Carpenter. "she really looks too ridiculous. One would hardly think she had ever lived among decent people."

"I can't agree with you," said Mrs. Carpenter. "and if you knew her as well as I do, you would not doubt that she was a true lady."

"Oh, yes, she was. Finding out people's grocers," said Mrs. P.

"You mean you've all found out the previous few agree with you. The general opinion is, that Mr. Smith is a mean fellow—living on credit,

Miss Carpenter knew that it was useless to attempt to convince Mrs. P. that the general opinion might be wrong. There are some minds so inherently little that they cannot take in any large idea—it crushes them at once. But Mrs. P. was right in her statement of what the general opinion was with regard to the Smiths. The very children who, two years ago, in their pretty and tasteful attire, had been "perfect little darlings," were very ordinary children now, in their bit calicoes. When parents are ungentled, their children must be very ordinary, and there is nothing so ungented as poverty.

*A Glimpse of Real Happiness to be found in  
Obscurity.*

It was decided by Mrs. Smith that they had better bow for a time, and accordingly they left the city, and returned to their home in an unassuming part of the city. Having secured a comfortable and pleasant home, they were in a position to pursue the advantages of poverty, and live the life of the poor. They were not, however, able to pass so quietly. The Magazine began to look up a little, and furnished a small income. They continued to pay their bills, and the household was not being wanting, though the household bill had run up a month. Mrs. McLaughlin was very distinct. Mrs. Smith perceived that the money should be paid at once, and that the money should be paid at once, as obtained. Mrs. McLaughlin grew more and more, and the servants became very insolent in their treatment of her. Mrs. Smith, however, did not tell her husband—she knew it would irritate him—she had learned to bear all these things as a matter of course, as the evil consequent upon poverty. She was, however, very much annoyed by the entrance of Mrs. McLaughlin to her home. "Let her come in," said Mrs. Smith, pleasantly, and the lady decided to visit Mrs. Smith's home.

"You wish us to leave, I am to understand," said she to Mrs. McLane, when the lady was gone.

"Yes, I do," said Mrs. McLane; "I cannot afford to board people for nothing. A friend of mine, warned me to look out when I took you or I shouldn't get my pay."

"Very friendly advice, Mrs. McLane. Your money will be ready for you to-night, and we will vacate the rooms immediately."

Mrs. McLane looked embarrassed, and tried to say something, but she was interrupted by the

"I prefer going at once," said Mrs. Smith, "because although I am able to pay now, may be some time before I can do so again, as I have no money so unpleasant to both of us to live on credit terms."

"I hope you are not unkind," said Mrs. M. Lane.

"Not in the least," replied Mrs. Smith: "I have not been poor myself without learning the value of money, and inconvenience of being without it: I am not in the least angry—may be very good friends." The next day Mr. Smith found rooms elsewhere.

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"Mattie Meenwell! Mattie Meenwell! what can he be?" said Mr. Smith, as he heard the number of the Magazine on the table.

"That is the name of the man who has won the prize to any one who will find her husband, and engage her services for his paper. We all have published three of her last pieces, and all have been so much interested in them, that we have bought them."

"May I look up the Magazine, and read her first production." "All the world run after trifles," said she,—"this is only tolerable—but, at its price, poetry pays, I think I'll try my hand, if I am not too late."

"Easier said than done, my sensible matron of facile wit," Mrs. only smiled good-humouredly—she knew her husband loved her as well if she were a poetess.

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For dinner dresses and petite soirees, low corages are frequently adopted. They are cut square in front and high behind. The sleeves are demi-long, reaching to the elbow, and trimmed with lace or pinked frills. The skirts of these dresses have usually front trimmings, but pinked flounce are exceedingly fashionable. Sometimes a chemise is worn with the low corsage. This chemise may be of worked muslin or plain muslin; if the latter, it should be finished at the top by a band of insertion, surmounted by a narrow lace.

Among the fashionable outer costumes suitable for young ladies, we may describe the dress of white satin, with small ornaments of lace and with passementerie. Mantlet of the same, trimmed with astrakhan pinked tulle. A drawn collar of the same, with white lace, and a small bow at the edge. Boas of cashmere, the color of the dress trimmed with black. Dark blue parasol. Dress of a glaze silk; dark blue, trimmed with pinked tulle. Mantlet of the same, trimmed with pinked tulle. A small bow at the edge. Boas of black cashmere boules, faced with glazed leather. The dress appeared in Paris, and is a good example of the latest taste, which is a transparency of materials, and will be found suitable for summer wear; it is made of the finest Spanish wool, and pointed with a white tulle and colors like those of the mousseline de laines.

Lace is very much employed in trimming both the under-dressing and the outer dress, and small light-colored lace is much in vogue. The bonnets of silk, or cherry velvet, covered in folds, have this season, nearly superseded drawn bonnets. The dresses of Naples, which have been so much in vogue, are made of two materials laid in alternate folds. Lace, black or white, may be introduced with the same effect. The dresses of Naples are made of a small variety of white lace. Also a very becoming and appropriate adjunct. Among the most fashionable outer dresses, we may mention the dress of white tulle, favor, lilac, pale, or saffron color, pink, blue, and of a moiré green. For ordinary walking bonnets, nothing is more general than straw, simply trimmed with ribbon.

About ten o'clock a messenger appeared, informing that the garrison were at hand. Fifteen minutes later a column of men, some of whom appeared about two hundred ill-cllothed, miserable wretches, who seemed broken and dispirited, came on, and were followed by a few men in uniform, and stalwart-looking men. They had no arms, and defended the fort to the last, and abandoned it only when no longer tenable. They looked as though they would have fought to the death in their defence, but had been so long in the hands of the chief. They brought caudons and horses, and large bundles of things along with them. They were together with their arms, were placed in chains, and the prize agents as they passed. All the men came Moolra and his brethren and children, and the women and children. He was gorgeously attired in silks and splendid ornaments, and rode a magnificent Arab steed, with a saddle-cloth of scarlet, which bore no mark.

suffering or privation. No small security to the people was afforded by the fact that he had maintained a defence obstinate and untraced by anyone any related in the annals of our warfare. He but little exceeded the middle age; was powerfully but elegantly formed; his eyes were dark and piercing, and he cast a glance everything around. He neither was the face of defiance nor dejection, but the face under the general gaze as one conscious of his being the object of universal regard. He talked to the object of trust, where he gave his word. This was said to have been returned to him.

Moolraj seems to have been actually adored by the people; and no stronger evidence of attachment and fidelity can be given than supplied by the fact that, though for a time his defence was known to be desperate, and no force whatever could be looked for but death or captivity, no one ever threatened to abandon him. He was separated from his wife and child by all in terms of the highest respect. He was appointed to the post of a general, and he was the deepest attachment—as a man not more but as he was generous and just. It now became known that he was a Hindu, and that he was a chief, and the reputation as represented as being best most touching. There were eight of these, of higher rank than the rest, who were called the "Eight Chiefs." They were all of them. They threw themselves at his feet, and were more as they were parted from him, and more he hoped to see his face any more. He was placed under a strong guard, some distance from the city, and he was treated with the greatest had built. Writing materials were prohibited him, but every attention was shown to his comfort in so far as this was compatible with his safety. He was treated as a prisoner, but he beheld them for nearly a month before; he had been placed for safety in an excavation under ground, and he refused all intercourse with them, as the sight of his mother, wife and children, and the sight of his country, would have been in the discharge of his duties. It was considered safe to retain him longer than indispensable in a neighborhood where there were numbers dead, and ready to incur any sacrifice in his rescue.

Accordingly ordered to proceed with the fort about to march up the line of the Chenua in the direction of Rannapur, to turn off as he went, and to the direction of Lahore for the camp of the Government General.

After a long delay, which had wearied me to the point of resolving to set out again myself, the tidings have at last reached me from my ill-fated party.

Including Mr. King and Mr. Proue, we have lost eleven of our party.

You will remember I left in the camp two men. They remained seven days, then started, their scant provisions about exhausted, and the dead mules on the western side of the great Sierra buried under snow.

Manuel (—you will remember Manuel Christian Indian of the Cosumne tribe, in the valley of the San Joaquin)—gave way to a fit of despair after they had moved about twenty miles, and bequeathed Vincent Haler, whom I

death in command, to shoot him. Failing to  
lestin in that form, he turned and made his  
back to the camp, intending to die there; w  
he thought some of the soldiers would be  
at the party, moved on, and at ten miles w  
gave out—threw away his gun and blanket  
and, a few hundred yards further, fell over  
the snow and died. Two Indian boy  
—trymen of Manuel—were behind. They co  
the snow, and saw the dead man. They  
buried him in the snow, on the bank of the  
river.

Carver raved during the night—his imagi  
tion wholly occupied with images of many  
which he fancied himself to be eating. In the  
morning he wandered off, and probably  
has not been seen since.

Soon on this day (the fourth from the ca  
led down to die. They built him a fire,  
Morin, who was in a dying condition, and s  
blind, remained with him. These two prob  
did not last till the next morning. They w  
the day, and were buried near the place  
They travelled on, getting here and there  
grouse, but nothing else, the deep snow in  
valley having driven off the game.

The state of the party became desperate.  
The thought Halter to the determination of breaking  
it up, and to attempt to prevent them from living  
any longer. He told them that the best way  
was to scatter, and make the best of their way  
each as he could, down the river; that, for hi  
self, if he was to be eaten, he would, at the  
least, be eaten by a bear, or a dog, or a di  
This address had its effect. They accordi  
separated.

With Halter continued five others—Se  
Husband, Martin, Bacon, one other, and the  
Cousennine Indian boys.

They were all poor dependents, and stoppe  
Halter reminded him of his family, and ur  
him to try and hold out for their sake. Roun  
by this appeal to his tenderest affections,  
unfortunate man moved forward, but feebly,  
and in a few days he died.

he promised to follow, and to overtake them a evening.

Haler, Scott, Hubbard, and Martin, now agreed that if any one of them should give on the others were not to wait for him to die, but to push on, and try and save themselves. Soon this mournful covenant had to be kept. But let me not anticipate events. Sufficient for each day is the sorrow thereof.

At night Kerne's party encamped a few hundred yards from Haler's with the intention, according to Taplin, of remaining there until the morning. Kerne's party should have had the opportunity to live upon those who had died, and upon the weaker ones as they should die. With this party, were the three brothers, Kerne, Captain Fergusson and Taplin. I do not know that I have got all the names of this party.

Fergusson and Beadle had remained together behind. In the evening Rohrer came up and asked the names of the party. Some of the party afterwards from some of the party that Rohrer asked. Andrews wandered off the next morning and died. They say they saw their bodies.

Haler's party came up the next day. Haler's party gave out. According to the agreement he was left to die, but with such efforts as could be given him. They built him a fire and looked at him some wood, and then he died. Haler's party was left to die as Haler's party, to gather him as they went off.

About two miles further Scott— you remember him; he used to shoot birds for you on the frontier— he gave out. He was another of the party that was left to die. He was left to die, each other. The survivors died for him as they had done for Hubbard, and passed on.

In the afternoon the two Indian boys were

successful. Godey with the relief. He gave him on with all speed. The boys gave him the news. He fired signal guns to notify the approach. Haler heard the guns, and knew the crack of our rifles, and felt that relief for his own life. He fired first. He fired last. Early in the morning, with the first gray light, Godey was in the trail, and soon met Haler at the wreck of his party slowly advancing. He heard that they all cried together like children for their fathers. He saw the faces of the men, and they were to be faced or hardships to be endured. They were all children in this moment of melted hearts. Success was soon decided out to these few first met, and Godey, with his party, followed the trail. He followed back, hurriedly followed the back trail in search of the living and the dead scattered in the rear. They came to Scott first. He was yet alive and was saved. They came to Hubbard next. He was dead. He was not saved. They found only ones of Haler's party that had been left behind.

From Kerne's party next met, they learned of the deaths of Andrews and Rohrer; and a, a farther on, met Ferguson, who told them that the men were all dead. They were all dead. They were found and saved—Manuel among the first—

—who looked like a resurrection, and redoubled the number of dead to ten—one-third of the whole party which a few days before were the only ones left. The men were all dead. The elements twelve thousand feet in the air.

[illegible]

the river. The depth of the snow made it impossible for him to reach the camp at the mouth of the river where the men had left the baggage-train. Amidst the wreck I had the good fortune to find a large *alforca*, or travelling trunk—he is the name which you packed—and that was about all that I could find. Santa Fe, February 17, 1849. In the midst of hurried movements and in the difficult endeavor to get a party all started together, I can only write a line to say that I am well, and moving on to California.

A Spanish gentleman has been engaged to write to *Albion* and to purchase mules for me. From that place we go on by our own animals, except no detention, as we follow the old route, so long known and presenting nothing new to stop for.

**A CALIFORNIA FABLE.**

Truth, it is sometimes said, is stranger than fiction. A fact connected with the California emigration—though not directly with its mining—has come to our knowledge, which is so strange and so full of romance, that it is almost incredible. It is the more interesting to our readers from the circumstance that the hero of the story is a man of the present day.

About a year ago a young man, who is now a well-to-do merchant in San Francisco, having failed in his business, and after having sold his property his assets fell short of debts by about ninety thousand dollars. This was a pretty heavy load to carry; but he was not altogether discouraged, and said the day after tomorrow he would go to California, and make his debt to the last cent. People of course were incredulous; but strange to say, the probability now is that his promise will be fulfilled in a very early day. He sailed for California early in his life, and after many years returned home with a very successful business in that region. He took out with him a small amount of goods, and the machinery for one or two small mills. This cargo was wrecked before he reached his destination: he lost all his goods, his barrels, his tools, and his machinery. He sailed for San Francisco, where he had friends, and arrived after the shipwreck, and found himself in San Francisco with ten dollars only left of his property. He immediately opened a negotiation with an old settler for a fine tract of twenty or thirty acres of land, and he was told that finally, with several saw-mills upon it, he had bought it for \$60,000, on a credit of one and two years. He was enabled to obtain this credit by producing the invoices of the goods he had shipped, though he withheld the fact that he had lost them. At the same time he secured the seller by mortgaging the tract to the gold he was for security. Soon after the purchase the gold fever began—emigrants poured in from

he supplied as fast as they were wanted by the new comers. The consequence was that lumber rose to an enormous price—seven dollars a board foot, lay beyond the value, and the saw-mills of our peninsula, but entering, the venturer soon began to coin gold for him much faster than the most favored of the gold-diggers could find it. In three months time he had cleared out his lumber, and was paying cash for his purchase of \$60,000. With the same earnings he bought the ship *Huntress*, and sold her a week afterwards at a clear profit of \$15,000. With another portion of it he added to the number of his saw-mills and four-mills; the latter paid for themselves in a few days. The lumber still maintains its extravagant price—emigrants are flocking in thicker and faster than ever—every thing in the shape of board or a shingle commands almost its weight in copper, if not in gold—and our Yankee friends at the last advent, was confident that the

months to come. Nothing but some form of contingency can prevent him from speedily coming the richest man in California. He tempts with pleasure returning home at an early day, paying off his creditors principal and interest, and having a princely fortune to spend. Altogether it constitutes a very rare and an almost case of good fortune, combining the elements of good fortune. The foregoing facts are fully confirmed by intelligent men who have been on the spot, as well as by letters from various and respectable sources. This man went out to work and carry on a regular business, without thinking or knowing any thing about gold mining; but of all the mines which have thus been opened in California, it appears that this man has been the most successful, and has stumbled on by far the most fortunate.

(Hartford, Conn.) Times

On Tuesday morning last, at the opening of the Court, this young woman was presented at the bar, to receive her sentence, she then pleaded guilty to the charge of murder the previous. The Attorney General, in behalf of the State, rose, and with great solemnity the deepest emotion, moved that sentence of law be now pronounced upon the prisoner. As her name being called, she rose and stood undisturbed, and without manifesting very strong emotions, during the entire scene.

The prisoner was questioned by the judge, and he testified that he had not been in the company of the deceased on the night of the murder. He should not be pronounced upon her; and she should be pronounced upon her. Judge Eastman was in a solemn and impressive manner, addressing the jury.

Letitia S. Blaisdell, you have been indicted by the Grand Inquest of this county, for the murder of the 17th day of February last, at the residence of the deceased, Benjamin E. Blaisdell, a child about two and one-half years old.

On this indictment, you have been arraigned, and you have pleaded Guilty. This, you have done, however without the consideration, and without a thorough examination of your case. You have not been asked to answer for the facts, nor without having been fully apprised of the tremendous consequences that must result from such a plea.

The law requires that when any shall plead guilty to an indictment for murder, the court having cognizance thereof, shall pronounce the degree. It has become our duty, to pronounce the degree, and we shall now pronounce upon which the indictment against you

predicated. By an investigation of your case, we find that when about a year old, you became the adored daughter of John and Mary Blaisdell, who were at that time nearly eighteen years, respectable, well-to-do, and kind and affectionate treatment befitting their age and their children. That about six years since, you left Mrs. Blaisdell, with her consent, to procure employment—that you became thus employed, and occasionally returned to visit. In the month of January last, about which, before the death of the little child, you were married, you returned to your home, as a stepdaughter, the law, you returned to the home of Mr. Benjamin Blaisdell, the father of the deceased boy, and the son of the old lady, with whom she was then residing. You came again to visit, and to reside, and to be married. In return, you purchased at Manchester, some twenty dollars' worth of goods, and returned to your home. Soon after you came to the home of the old lady suddenly died, but under circumstances which excited no suspicion at the time. After her funeral, you went to Manchester, and this time to visit the friends of your mother, to whom you were engaged in marriage. You remained there a few weeks, and on the sixteenth of February, returned to Mr. Blaisdell's home. On the next day, the murdered child and you were together, and you were with your mother, and during that time, you administered to him some of the poison, having put it into him which he drank. He soon sickened, became dizzy, put out his hands to his mother, and to walk and speak, he could do neither. He died in the arms of his mother, and was buried in a coffin in a graveyard, at about twelve hours.

The child was buried on the 20th of February, and on the 21st, you attempted the destruction of Mr. and Mrs. Blaisdell, by putting the poison into their food. As they were drinking the tea, they discovered some unusual taste, and drank no more. They both sickened, but by prompt medical aid, their lives were

forced. Before you left Manchester, you gave a note against Mr. Mansfield to your friends. You were not at all friendly with any member of the family; but friendship and affection had always existed between you and them. When suspicion rested on you having committed the crime, and you were charged therewith, you denied it. You were innocent. A few days after, when no whatever was known to exist against you, voluntarily, without suggestion or enquiry from any one, confessing the whole crime. Your motive in confessing this revolting crime was mysterious. You were not aware of them any satisfactory principles of human action. The crime is murder in the first degree. Before you left Manchester this family was well and happy. You came to visit them and

your joy and happiness to this household; but brought death into their midst. You had conceived, planned, matured, the malicious, fierce purpose of destroying this whole family because you were not satisfied with the place of your stay at Wentworth, you had ample time to consider the extreme wickedness of your intentions, and the danger to which you exposing yourself, still you falter not in your purpose. You have now only to wait until your plan and sacrifice your victim. Your experiment is to be made; the efficiency of poison is to be tried; and the helpless, innocent boy is selected. He is left in your care all the confidence of a mother. . . . He plays with you, and you smile and fondle him up and give him the fatal morsel. . . . When you see him sickened and dizzy, and straining out his little hands to his mother, and going to walk, your heart relents not. May such a mother be called a mother?

But your experiment had succeeded. The power of your poison had been fully tested. The next day after the grave closes over your recent victim, you commence anew your course of death; and he who had always called you his mother, esteemed and loved you as such, and who, when he was a child, had been the affection, who had witnessed the struggle of her dying child and whose heart bled with grief at its sudden and most cruel death, fairly rescued from a similar fate at hand.

But we forbear to dwell longer upon so many painful recitals—made doubly painful we consider your age and your sex. Our thoughts turn to the outraged laws which have violated, is nearly completed. You have now only to wait until the fatal blow must need that murdered man's blood. . . . although you have swept him from your existence, his soul still lives. And although

your immortal spirit will never die. To God we commend you for mercy. He has power to punish and power to forgive; and we beseech you, as you value your immortal soul, to make your peace with him—to flee to that Saviour whose blood can cleanse from all sin.

The Court now pronounce upon the solemn sentence of the law—which is this:

"That you be taken hence to the place of your confinement, and that on Thursday, the thirtieth day of August next, between the hours of 10 o'clock in the forenoon and two o'clock in the afternoon, within the walls of the prison in this county, you be hanged by the neck till you are dead;—and may God, in his infinite compassion, have mercy on your soul." [Amherst, N. H.] Cabinet.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, BOSTON.

April 27, 1849

The first section of an act passed at the present session of the Legislature, "the School Law," contains the following provisions: "The Committees of the several cities and towns are required to ascertain the number of persons between the ages of five and sixteen years, and the ages of four and fifteen years, respectively."

The Act takes effect on and after the first day of May. It is necessary, therefore, that at this early day it is to make out the lists of persons described in the law, should have prompt notice of the change. This circular is issued for that purpose. W. B. CALHOUN, Secretary.

Papers throughout the State are requested to send a copy.

**NORRIS REQUESTS.** We learn from the

verser that the late Henry Todd, of the Ad-  
ams family, by his last will, after making abundant pro-  
visions for his family connections, gave the sum of  
thousand dollars to the "Massachusetts General  
Hospital", the interest of which is forever to be ap-  
plied towards furnishing free beds, (in addition to those  
now maintained by that noble charity), for the  
indigent sick. These bequests may require time, for the  
"Boston Dispensary and Free School" for indigent  
young boys, he left a legacy of three thousand  
dollars. To the "Boston Children's Free School So-  
ciety," he gave two thousand dollars. The sum of  
of his estate, amounting, probably, to some ten  
thousand dollars, he bequeathed to the "Board  
of Education," for the benefit of the "Mas-  
sachusetts Normal Schools," in which he took  
deep interest.

ACCIDENT. Peter Allen, of Peapack, was killed on Wednesday night, within a few minutes of that place by the wagon with which he was carrying limestone, and from which he was loaded off, running over the small of his back, so that he died almost instantly. He was taken to the next morning, the horses having stood by him all night. The lines were so tightly gripped by his hands that his fingers had to be broken off, and his body was so badly injured that he was not expected to live. He leaves a wife and child. (Newark (N. J.) Eagle.

TWO OF THE LAST MEN. Samuel Jackson, colored man, 115 years old, died at Launceston, England, on the 17th of January. He was born a slave in Fairfield, Va., in 1737, and died at his master's provision wagon over the Alleghenies in Brookfield's campaign in 1775, remaining a slave until the close of the war. He is believed to be the last survivor of that expedition, colored man or white. At Brighton, Nova Scotia, Jan. 6, died George Sennitt, 120 years old, sole survivor of the army of Gen. Wolfe.

“We copy the following from the N. Y. Spirit of the Times—to which paper it was communicated by an M. D.

“Last week I called on a sick neighbor, a lady, who had been confined to her bed some time. I was invited to unite with the family that meal. The lady of the house had a cousin visiting her, a pretty uneducated girl, who, I was told, had never been accustomed to any other food than the position of the rice. As we sat at table, I observed that the rice and the sauce were served on the same plate. T—was on the look out to see what the rest of us were doing;—her upskin she left until she saw I was doing so, and then, in use, she took a little of the rice and a little of the sauce. I was somewhat amused with her action, notwithstanding her intelligence. She managed very well though, until as a sort of dose of boiled rice was brought on, and almost half a saucer, composed, I believe, of sugar and butter, rolled up together, she took a little upon it. Well, the rice was served out, on the side of each plate was placed a fair portion of sauce. This was all fresh to T—, and she was at a loss as to the proper use of it. She asked the cook, “learned ropes,” using rice and sugar together for sauce, however, appeared to be quite as agreeable to her palate as the rice, and I observed that the former was vanishing much more rapidly than the latter; in fact, her rice was left on her plate, and she was obliged to taste it—looked at the dish of sauce—looked on her chair—and tasted again, and was “no go,” she evidently wanted more of sauce, but she knew not what name to give it. She then repeated her inquiries upon her chair and looking at the dish of sauce, heeding her courage up to the sickening point, addressed her hostess—“O Cousin Ann, I’ll tell you for a little more of that *santiment*!”

“Your’s truly,

"Very temperate place in this State, a gentleman found in the following epigram, which he transcribed while waiting his horse."  
 "Temperance fountain, good as can be,  
 Better far than rum and brandy;  
 Let truth excite your fury,  
 Let your horse be judge and jury."

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## THE JESTER.

"Are you fond of novels, Mr. Jones?"  
 "Very," responded the interrogated gentleman, who wished to be thought by the ladies a questioner fond of literature.  
 "Have you," continued the lady, ever read Ten Thousand a year?"  
 "No, madam, I never read that number of novels in all my life."

A young dandy, who spotted an enormous mouse, asked a lady what she thought of his looks. "Why," said she, "you look a good deal like a mouse." The dandy then said he had swallowed a squirrel, and left the sticking out of your mouth.

A sailor, calling upon a Liverpool goldsmith, asked him what might be the value of an ounce of gold as big as his arm. The shopkeeper ordered him to a back room, and primed him with grog. He then asked to see the gold. "Oh," said Jack, "I haven't got it yet, but I'm going to California, and would like to know the value of such a lump before I start."

A lady noted for her kind feelings, on hearing that the Pope was a fugitive from Rome, exclaimed:—"Poor old man! he has got any fool left!" On the matter being explained to her, she added:—"Well, I hope he'll marry now."

A magistrate in a Pomeranian town cautioned the people not to smoke in the public square. The following words: "Smoking is strictly forbidden in this square, under a penalty of dollars or twenty lashes, of which the infelicitous shall receive one-half."

**MORAL BOOTS.** An advertisement in one of the morning papers says:—  
"Wanted a female who has a knowledge of fitting boots of a good moral character."

"What is the difference between experimental and practical philosophy?"  
"Experimental philosophy is your asking me to lend you a dollar—practical philosophy is telling you I won't."

Why is a waiter like a clock? Because

**VOL. 8**

**W. & W.**  
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